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THE EASILY CONVINCED.

ALTHOUGH the present age is, to say the least, not less remarkable than any preceding one for caution in investigating truths, whether in science or matters of fact, there is nevertheless a class of men who are far more easily satisfied about evidence, and who more readily take up with new ideas, than their neighbours. Not a newspaper do we read but there is in it some splendid discovery, in science itself or in its applications; the patent list shows how many serious attempts are made to turn these to account: all of them get patrons more or less numerous *at first*—but time passes on, and of the very small number of such things which continue to engage attention, we need scarcely speak. Most of these things look extremely well when first hit upon. They show capitally in model. The closest investigation fails to detect a source of fallacy or failure; but somehow it always turns out that, when the thing is brought to practical experiment, there is some plaguy obstruction or difficulty, not formerly dreamt of, which upsets all, and then we hear no more of the matter. The successful applications of science to economic purposes during the last age, thought to be so fertile in them, can, after all, be enumerated in a breath—steam, gas, Mackintosh, and the electrotype. We have also got one or two new sciences, as chemistry and geology; and great, no doubt, are these additions to our knowledge. But even here we have our hasty theorisers also—let the single doctrine of "scratches"* bear witness. There is, indeed, a class of minds so constituted that every novelty calculated to excite wonder, or to raise hope, is sure to catch them. These minds are not necessarily to be supposed of a weak kind, or to have a decided tendency to delusion. They are only disposed, from wishing a thing to be true, to allow it to be so upon insufficient evidence. In many cases, it would seem to them ungenerous to doubt, and therefore, being benevolent persons, they believe. Or it is that they cannot bear to spoil a thing which tells so well, by meeting it with doubts. Or, perhaps, it fulfils and makes good some vague notions long cherished by themselves. Or a good theory, or project, or new doctrine, may be a good deal like vice in Pope's well-known couplet: we grow familiar, we pity, we embrace. It was probably the same class of minds which created and gave currency to all the wondrous monkish tales of the middle ages—easiness of conception and reception of strange things being the common features of both.

The class of philosophic and scientific inquirers has only its credulous members; but the whole race of antiquaries seems marked, and to have been marked in all time, with the fatal facility of taking in new and wonderful things. No class of investigators has furnished so many warnings against rash conclusions. It was upon a real event that Scott founded the story of his Oldbuck. A worthy old gentleman, a Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, was demonstrating the features of a Roman camp, in the neighbourhood of Moffat, to an admiring circle of friends, among whom was the young novelist. "And this," said he, pointing to a mound in the centre, "was of course the *prætorium*." "Prætorium here, prætorium there," said a shepherd standing by, "I made it wi' a flaughter spade."† An anecdote to much the same purpose has recently been told. "General St Clair, about forty years since, when governor of the North-Western Territory, received a present of a strange-looking copper coin, said to have been found in a spring near Cincinnati. General St Clair was not merely a man of the world, but he was also a highly educated, accomplished gentleman, and as little liable as any other we have known to be deceived under such circumstances. But so it was; the copper coin became at once a precious medal, the work of an extinct people, and its crooked-looking characters a key to unlock the great secret of their origin and fate. We saw this treasure-trove in the possession of General St Clair at Marietta, and we were allowed, like some others, to take an impression of it in pewter, never doubting, any more than our elders in knowledge and years, that, if it was a post-diluvian work, it was at any rate contemporaneous with the renewal or discovery of the arts immediately after the dispersion. But alas for the vanity of human expectation! The original, or a copy, fell into the hands of the late Colonel Duane, who had spent a portion of his life in India, and he detected at once that it was a Hindostanee coin, worth one cent. The buffalo was transformed, without any magic wand, into a cow, and the Manitous into Vishnu and Brahma."* As another example, take the following story from Mr Laing's Tour in Sweden:—"The antiquarian world has suffered a severe shock on the subject of Runic lore the other day. At a place called Hoby, between Carshamn and Runamo, in the province of Bleking, there is a Runic inscription on a rock, noticed by Saxo Grammaticus, who tells us his contemporary, Waldimar I. of Denmark, who lived in 1160, had sent learned people to decipher it in vain. It remained 500 years unthought-of and undeciphered, when Olaus Wormius, and after him many zealous Runic antiquaries, again attempted the task; but time had not made it more intelligible, and nothing could be made of it. At last, in 1805, a Danish antiquary, M. Arendt, made a pilgrimage on foot to this enigmatical inscription; and not being able to read it, he declared it was only a *lusus naturæ*—accidental marks and scratches in the rock. This was intolerable. For nearly thirty years the antiquarian body brooded in silence over this dictum of their recreant brother. At last, in July 1833, the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen sent a solemn deputation of three of its members, Professors Molbech, Magnuson, and Forchammer, to the spot; the rock was carefully examined, was found to be a mass of granite-gneiss, intersected by a vein of whinstone (or black trap), in which the marks adverted to occur; and, to the joy of all genuine antiquarian spirit, the inscription was declared to be an inscription, blended, indeed, here and there with accidental cracks and fissures, but an inscription of artificial characters; and the artist who accompanied the commission made an accurate drawing of the whole vein, and the characters traced upon it. Nothing was wanting to complete the joy of all true antiquaries, but that these characters should be deciphered. For ten long months no progress was made. Professor Magnuson, to whom the task was intrusted, could bend them into no form of intelligibility. At last, in bed, on the 22d of May, 1834, the idea struck him to try to read the inscription backwards, from right to left. The thing was done—the thing was clear—the inscription was deciphered in two hours. It is in the old northern or Icelandic tongue, and in regular alliterative verse, and must have been cut in the rock shortly previous to the battle of Bravalle, which took place in the year 680, between Harald Hildetand and Ring, kings of certain portions of Sweden:—'Hildetand received the kingdom—Gard hewed out—Ole took the oath—Oden consecrate these runes,' &c. &c. Could any thing be more satisfactory, or better established, or more clearly explained? And now, to the dismay of the antiquarian world, out steps a man of acids and alkalies, a chemist, a philosopher—in short, the great Berzelius—coolly proving beyond all doubt, in a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Sciences of Stockholm, that our inscription is, after all, but a *lusus naturæ*, or natural marks or stains on the rock! Is not this provoking?"

Archæological inquirers often show their besetting foible in the assigning of over-recondite origins for things, and suggesting explanations that go far beyond the mark. The reading of a Rosetta stone, to the discovery of a new language and a thousand years of heretofore unknown history, is a lucky hit, as rare as the adaptation of steam or carbureted hydrogen to common purposes. When we turn from the contemplation of the one solitary prize to the multitude of blanks, what a sad spectacle is presented! At present, it is the ancient tumuli and ruins of Central America which form the favourite problem. Some time ago, it was the round towers of Ireland. These last have been assigned to all sorts of strange, mysterious, and remote origins. A large octavo volume was written to prove them connected with Budhism. Lately, it has been stated that they are of comparatively modern date, and the accounts of the expense of building one of them have been discovered. Thus it is that the wonderers are now and then disappointed. We have seen a serious speculation tracing the leek worn by Welshmen on St David's Day to the ancient Egyptian worship. Formerly, there was a practice of carrying a buck's head in procession at St Paul's Cathedral, on the day of the commemoration of St Paul. It was fixed on a pole, and carried in front of the cross, out at the west door. This was a very remarkable-looking ceremony, and suggested the idea of an ancient Pagan custom continued by the Christian priesthood. It has been spoken of again and again in books, as a relic of the customs which obtained on the same spot, when a Roman temple stood there. The English editor of Dupré's work on the Conformity between Modern and Ancient Ceremonies, takes this view with a great deal of gravity. Now, so old a writer as Stow has clearly shown that the practice originated in no extraordinary way at a comparatively recent period. He quotes the actual deed of 1274, wherein the dean and chapter of St Paul's grant a piece of land in Essex to a Sir William Baad, on the condition of having a doe and buck brought to them annually, the latter to be produced at the time of the procession, as above described. Thus, what was thought a curious vestige of British paganism, turns out to have been only one of the quaint tenures of the middle ages. Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland, has fallen into a mistake nearly similar. He there delineates on copper, and describes in his letter-press, what he calls a small ivory image, which was found near the castle of Dunstaffnage in the Highlands. As Dunstaffnage was a palace of the early kings of Scotland, and this image represented a crowned and throned monarch, Pennant made out the latter to be a deportraiture of some Caledonian prince of a thousand years ago, and a surprising specimen of early art. Behold, however, about twenty years ago, there was found, near the ruins of an old nunnery in the Isle of Skye, a number of such images, some of which resembled that figured by Pennant, while others represented knights, castles, and other objects; in short,

* It is our misfortune to be under the necessity of marring much that we say—we will not call it wit—by explaining. We here allude to the *strie* found upon the surfaces of rocks—of late a favourite subject of speculation amongst the geologists.

† A spade used for digging turf.

* North American Review, li. 464.

they were simply a set of chessmen, albeit of early workmanship, and made, not of ivory, but of the tooth of the sea-horse. There could therefore be no doubt that Pennant had set forth as the picture of a particular king what was neither more nor less than a chessman, and no more a particular portraiture than the figures of kings and knaves on a pack of cards.

The happy inductions of Cuvier from a single fossil bone as to the general character of the animal to which it belonged, may be said to rank with the steam-engine and the Rosetta stone — the one good hit amongst many misses. It would appear that even this eminent man was not incapable of being led too far by a wish to account for appearances. The writer of the paper in the *North American Review*, which has already been quoted, tells the following anecdote :— A learned professor, well known some years since in New York, "devoted himself with great ardour to scientific pursuits, particularly to investigations into the animal kingdom, and was singularly curious in his inquiries into all circumstances presenting any unusual features. This trait of character rendered him sometimes liable to be deceived; but he filled his position worthily, and contributed to the progress of his favourite sciences. In one of our western excursions, we found ourselves in the country of the *gophers*, small animals which dwell principally in the earth, and which are known to naturalists under the name of *pseudostoma bursarium*. Their natural habits lead them to burrow in the ground, and they are furnished with two pouches, formed by prolongation and indentation of the skin of the cheek, by which the pouch, while it opens outwards, is contained within the jaws. The object of this strange apparatus is said to be to enable the little animal to excavate his dwelling in the sandy ground by filling his pouches with sand, and then carrying the burden to the entrance of his hole, and there depositing it by pressing his fore-paws upon his cheeks. * * At this time the animal was not much known, and we succeeded in procuring one, and gave directions that the skin should be carefully prepared for preservation. It was in the month of July, and it became necessary to turn the skin of the pouches inside out, in order that it might be effectually dried. In this position, they presented the appearance of two strange-looking projections, pushed out from the cheeks, and whose object it would have been difficult to divine. We saved these exuviæ of our *gopher*, and afterwards sent them to the naturalist to whom we have already alluded. We did not replace the inverted pouches in their proper position, never supposing for a moment that any mistake could exist respecting their natural arrangement. But so it was: the stuffed specimen was sent to Europe with the projecting appendages; and the animal formed the subject of a memoir, we think, of Cuvier himself, to the Academy of Natural Sciences, in which this zoological stranger was described as belonging to a new species of quadrupeds, and some speculations were indulged upon his proper position and his habits of life. Soon after the journal of the scientific body, which contained this memoir, reached the United States, we met the same gentleman, who was the correspondent of Cuvier, and he informed us of the high rank which the new animal had attained, and favoured us with an inspection of the memoir in which it was described. We immediately saw and pointed out the mistake of which we had most unconsciously been the cause. The circumstances were subsequently explained, and the error corrected in the history of the proceedings of the learned naturalists of Paris. But the incident has remained impressed upon our memory, warning us that the highest acquirements may be at fault, and that we must not always surrender our confidence to the highest names."

Let us not, however, press the matter too severely against the men who give their thoughts to scientific or even to archaiological inquiry. If we search deeply into the philosophy of these mistakes, we shall find that they in many instances proceed from causes rather reflecting credit than discredit on the human mind. In all such cases, it must be observed, there is the vagueness inseparable from a want of clear knowledge. From what *is* known, perhaps only a few fragmentary and disconnected particulars, it is amazing how plausible a hypothesis is sometimes formed— perfect in itself, tallying perfectly with every ascertained particular, every thing that could be wished— except the truth. The case of the Swedish rock is at first sight ludicrous, but I, for my own part, can easily understand how such a thing might occur, without necessarily throwing ridicule on either antiquarianism or these men in particular. Let me be candid, and state a case where I was myself, though with very humble pretensions, the investigating archaiologist. The subject was a three-fourths obliterated Latin inscription in the Gothic character, which had puzzled every body. I made out a reading of it, which appeared tolerably good sense, and appropriate to the situation; but on a second and more careful inspection of the stone, it was found that some features of the lettering were not rightly accounted for. Setting to the task again, I found reason to give up almost every part of the first reading, and adopt a second quite different in its general sense, but in which scarcely a single feature of the legend was left without a proper significance. Here were two conjectural readings, one extremely plausible, another nearly as much so, *but different*, excogitated from one inscription. This I cannot help thinking a curious mental process, somewhat analogous, perhaps, to the more dexterous and felicitous efforts at anagram-making. Of a similar character are the many various hypotheses which have been formed as to who was Junius, two or three of which have been so perfect in all respects when taken separately, that no one could well doubt—till he saw the second and the third. Some of the more mystic parts of Scripture have given a like exercise to the ingenuity of commentators. There are passages in the Apocalypse which have been explained six or eight ways by different men, and all the explanations equally plausible considered apart from the rest. There are some minds which delight in such exercises. I have heard a learned and ingenious person detail a theory which he had formed from a number of far-detached texts, showing the most unexpected typical relations amongst them, and the whole bearing most luminously upon human destiny; which yet one could not but feel to be merely a surprising product of human cogitation, from data out of which another person would probably have made as good and plausible a result, but totally different. The making up of such imaginative textures, with the few clear points all so nicely pieced in, may not be a directly useful, yet neither is it a mean exercise of intellect. Any where but in a paper on credulity, I might have been tempted to suggest it as a new and interesting kind of proof of the power of mind over matter. How almost creative does mind appear in such a power of fashioning and accommodating dead things to its own notions!

This ductility of obscure matters, or plasticity of mind over them, shows two things—first, that the hoaxing of men of learned investigation is far less of a good joke than is generally supposed. Such hoaxes are thus shown to be easy matters, for there is evidently no phenomenon so odd and irrelative but what the vagueness of all knowledge will admit of its being brought by human ingenuity into some relation, and explained accordingly. Hoaxing in such circumstances is like tempting a child into a criminal act. It is no triumph, because it is so easy. The second thing is, that investigators can scarcely be too cautious in yielding complete conviction where exact proof is wanting. When we reflect on the great theories which have been formed respecting doubtful matters, all self-consistent, all of them weaving in and accounting for the stray facts, yet all ultimately proved to be groundless, we are almost led to doubt of every thing not mathematical. But this is not right. Belief upon the testimony readily to be had is essential to our condition here, since it is quite impossible for every one to investigate every thing for himself. Therefore, indeed, it is that there is belief.

Caution as to final approval is all that is really required. "Try all things," is, within certain limits, a good maxim in the affairs of learning. And here it is that I think the present tone of the philosophical mind in our country and age is at fault. The constant cry is, give us facts and leave hypotheses alone. But it is not possible for any human being to go on constantly collecting dry unconnected facts. We require to be allowed a little generalisation by way of *bon-bons*, to encourage us in our tasks. And is not imagination often a means of leading on to fact? We conjecture, we seek evidence in support, and ultimately our guess becomes a truth. Therefore, I say, the forming of hypotheses is, to a certain extent, not only allowable but laudable. And thus there is a utility and a final cause for even that mocked thing, credulity. The credulous are the nurses appointed for ideas in their nonage—which, if left to the tender feelings of the cautious alone, would for certain perish of cold and hunger, before ever they had shown their first teeth. The credulous catch them and foster them, and look out for their parishes, and get them comfortably brought on to their apprenticeships. By and by, they begin to kick about for themselves, and settle into respectable and useful members of society—but no thanks to the awful doctors who never have any thing to do with the intellectual bantlings that don't come into the world properly stamped and labelled.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

MIDSUMMER DAY—THE NATIVITY OF ST JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Considering the part borne by the Baptist in the transactions on which Christianity is founded, it is not wonderful that the day set apart for the observance of his nativity (June 24) should be, in all ages and most parts of Europe, one of the most popular of religious festivals. It enjoys the greater distinction that it is considered as Midsummer Day, and therefore has inherited a number of observances from heathen times. These are now curiously mixed with those springing from Christian feelings, insomuch that it is not easy to distinguish them from the other. It is only clear, from their superstitious character, that they have been originally Pagan. To use the quaint phrase of an old tranalator of Scaliger, they "form the foote steps of auncient gentility;" that is, gentilism, or heathenism.

The observances connected with the Nativity of St John commenced on the previous evening, called, as usual, the eve or vigil of the festival, or Midsummer Eve. On that evening the people were accustomed to go into the woods and break down branches of trees, which they brought to their homes, and planted over their doors, amidst great demonstrations of joy, to make good the Scripture prophecy respecting the Baptist, that many should rejoice in his birth. This custom was universal in England till the recent change in manners. In Oxford there was a speciality in the observance, of a curious nature. Within the first court of Magdalen College, from a stone pulpit at one corner, a sermon was always preached on St John's Day; at the same time, the court was embowered with green boughs, "that the preaching might resemble that of the Baptist in the wilderness."

Towards night, materials for a fire were collected in a public place and kindled. To this the name of bonfire was given, a term of which the most rational explanation seems to be, that it was composed of contributions collected as *boons*, or gifts of social and charitable feeling. Around this fire the people danced with almost frantic mirth, the men and boys occasionally jumping through it, not to show their agility, but as a compliance with ancient custom. There can be no doubt that this leaping through the fire is one of the most ancient of all known superstitions, and is identical with that followed by Manasseh. We learn that, till a late period, the practice was followed in Ireland on St John's Eve.

It was customary in towns to keep a watch walking about during the Midsummer Night, although no such practice might prevail at the place from motives of precaution. This was done at Nottingham till the reign of Charles I. Every citizen either went himself or sent a substitute; and an oath for the preservation of peace was duly administered to the company at their first meeting at sunset. They paraded the town in parties during the night, every person wearing a garland of flowers upon his head, additionally embellished in some instances with ribbons and jewels. In London, during the middle ages, this watch, consisting of not less than two thousand men, paraded both on this night and on the eves of St Paul's and St Peter's days. The watchmen were provided with cressets, or torches, carried in barred pots on the tops of long poles, which, added to the bonfires on the streets, must have given the town a striking appearance in an age when there was no regular street-lighting. The great came to give their countenance to this marching watch, and made it quite a pageant. A London poet, looking back from 1616, thus alludes to the scene :—

"The goodly buildings that till then did hide
Their rich array, open'd their windows wide,
Where kings, great peers, and many a noble dame,
Whose bright pearl-glittering robes did mock the flame
Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
How every senator in his degree,
Adorn'd with shining gold and purple weeds,
And stately mounted on rich-trapped steeds,
Their guard attending, through the streets did ride,
Before their foot-bands, graced with glittering pride
Of rich-gilt arms, whose glory did present
A sunshine to the eye, as if it meant,
Among the cresset lights shot up on high,
To chase dark night for ever from the sky;
While in the streets the sticklers to and fro,
To keep decorum, still did come and go,
Where tables set were plentifully spread,
And at each door neighbour with neighbour fed."

King Henry VIII., hearing of the marching watch, came privately, in 1510, to see it; and was so much pleased with what he saw, that he came with Queen Catherine and a noble train to attend openly that of St Peter's Eve a few nights after. But this king, in

the latter part of his reign, thought proper to abolish the ancient custom, probably from a dread of so great a muster of armed citizens.

Some of the superstitious notions connected with St John's Eve are of a highly fanciful nature. The Irish believe that the souls of all people on this night leave their bodies, and wander to the place, by land or sea, where death shall finally separate them from the tenement of clay. It is not improbable that this notion was originally universal, and was the cause of the wide-spread custom of watching or sitting up awake on St John's night, for we may well believe that there would be a general wish to prevent the soul from going upon that somewhat dismal ramble. In England, and perhaps in other countries also, it was believed that, if any one sat up fasting all night in the church porch, he would see the spirits of those who were to die in the parish during the ensuing twelvemonths come and knock at the church door, in the order and succession in which they were to die. We can easily perceive a possible connexion between this dreary fancy and that of the soul's midnight ramble. The civic vigils just described were no doubt a result, though a more remote one, of the same idea. There is a Low Dutch proverb used by those who have been kept awake all night by troubles of any kind—"We have passed St John Baptist's night." In a book written in the seventeenth century for the instruction of a young nobleman, the author warns his pupil against certain "fearful superstitions, as to watch upon St John's evening, and the first Tuesday in the month of March, to conjure the moon, to lie upon your back, having your ears stopped with laurel leaves, and to fall asleep not thinking of God, and such like follies, all forged by the infernal Cyclops and Pluto's servants." A circumstance mentioned by Grose supports our conjecture—that to sleep on St John's Eve was thought to ensure a wandering of the spirit, while watching was regarded as conferring the power of seeing the vagrant spirits of those who slept. Amongst a company who sat up in a church porch, one fell so deeply asleep that he could not be waked. His companions afterwards averred that, whilst he was in this state, they beheld his spirit go and knock at the church door.

The same notion of a temporary liberation of the soul is perhaps at the bottom of a number of superstitious practices resembling those appropriate to Hallow-eve. It was supposed, for example, that if an unmarried woman, fasting, laid a cloth at midnight with bread and cheese, and sat down as if to eat, leaving the street-door open, the person whom she was to marry would come into the room and drink to her by bowing, after which, setting down the glass, with another bow he would retire. It was customary on this eve to gather certain plants which were supposed to have a supernatural character. The fern is one of those herbs which have their seed on the back of the leaf, so small as to escape the sight. It was concluded, according to the strange irrelative reasoning of former times, that to possess this seed not easily visible, was a means of rendering one's self invisible. Young men would go out at midnight of St John's Eve, and endeavour to catch some in a plate, but without touching the plant—an attempt rather trying to patience, and which often failed. Our Elizabethan dramatists and poets, including Shakspeare and Jonson, have many allusions to the invisibility-conferring powers of fern seed. The people also gathered on this night the rose, St John's wort, vervain, trefoil, and rue, all of which were thought to have magical properties. They set the orpine in clay upon pieces of slate or potherd in their houses, calling it a Midsummer Man. As the stalk was found next morning to incline to the right or left, the anxious maiden knew whether her lover would prove true to her or not. Young women likewise sought for what they called pieces of coal, but in reality, certain hard, black, dead roots, often found under the living mugwort, designing to place these under their pillows, that they might dream of their lovers. Some of these foolish fancies are pleasantly strung together in the "Connoisseur," a periodical paper of the middle of the last century. "I and my two sisters tried the dumb cake together: you must know two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows (but you must not speak a word all the time), and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and, to be sure, I did nothing all night but dream of Mr Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our back-yard, and said to myself—'Hemp-seed I sow, hemp-seed hoe, and he that is my true love come after me and mow.' Will you believe me? I looked back and saw him as plain as eyes could see him. After that I took a clean shift and wetted it, and turned it wrong side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again (for I heard his step), but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two *Midsummer Men*, one for myself and one for him. Now, if his had died away, we should never have come together; but I assure you his blowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." So also, in a poem entitled the "Cottage Girl," published in 1786:—

"The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
Ere eve its duskier curtain drew,
Was freshly gather'd from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem;
And, guarded from the piercing air,
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
Await the new-year's frolic wake,
When, faded in its alter'd hue,
She reads—the rustic is untrue!
But, if it leaves the crimson paint,
Her sickening hopes no longer faint;
The rose upon her bosom worn,
She meets him at the peep of morn,
And lo! her lips with kisses prest,
He plucks it from her panting breast."

We may suppose, from the following version of a German poem, entitled "The St. John's Wort," that precisely the same notions prevail amongst the peasant youth of that country:—

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blush'd as she sought the plant of power:
'Thou silver glow-worm, oh, lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to-night—
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.'
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.

With noiseless tread,
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed:
'Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!'
But it droop'd its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower;
And a wither'd wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John,
As they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay."

Some years ago, there was exhibited before the Society of Antiquaries a ring which had been found in a ploughed field near Cawood in Yorkshire, and which appeared, from the style of its inscriptions, to be of the fifteenth century. It bore for a device two *orpine plants* joined by a true-love knot, with this motto above, "*Ma fiancée velt*," that is, My sweetheart wills, or is desirous. The stalks of the plants were bent towards each other, in token, no doubt, that the parties represented by them were to come together in marriage. The motto under the ring was "*Joye l'amour feu.*" So universal, in time as in place, are these popular notions.

The observance of St John's Day seems to have been, by a practical bull, confined mainly to the previous evening. On the day itself, we only find that the people kept their doors and beds embowered in the branches set up the night before, upon the understanding that these had a virtue in averting thunder, tempest, and all kinds of noxious physical agencies.

A SIMPLE STORY.

It is a sufficiently old saying, that the life of man rests largely on trifles, and that its serenity is more frequently interrupted by slight causes than by things which, to appearance, possess a much greater degree of importance. A look, a word, or a supposed tincture of asperity even in the tone of utterance, will sometimes produce consequences alike painful and permanent in their effects. The whole current of a life may be altered by the misinterpretation or misrepresentation of a sentence; nay, the most serious results have followed from the misplacing of a letter or a misspelt word. Of the truth of these reflections, the following little story may serve as an illustration:—

I am now a man advanced in years; and although the feelings are said to become deadened and blunted by the tear and wear of the world and its cares, yet does my mind recall, with the freshness of yesterday, events which occurred at the distance of more than a quarter of a century. In youth, I was endowed with a lively fancy and a peculiar sensitiveness of disposition, which caused me to feel keenly alive to any thing in the shape of insult or ill usage; but withal, unless I err greatly, I possessed a frank and good disposition, which led me to forgive injuries as soon as confessed.

My father was engaged in an extensive mercantile concern, requiring vigilant attention on the part of its conductor; and, in order that he might surround himself with assistants in whom he could place implicit confidence, he took my brothers and myself, in early youth, into the counting-house. Here we did our best to please, and agreed well together. We had but one sister, a gay warm-hearted girl, to whom we were all devotedly attached; and it was a pleasant thing for us on Sundays to walk to church one on each side of her, while the rest acted as a sort of body-guard behind.

At the time to which I more immediately refer, I was between eighteen and nineteen—a most susceptible period of life, when the heart overflows with affectionate impulses, attaching itself to every thing fair and good, regardless or fearless of consequences. From the tendencies of this most *impressible* age, when every new face attracts, and every kind look is taken as an indication of especial favour, serious sorrows might more often flow, were it not that nature neutralises them in part by planting in the youthful breast such a love of variety that our admiration of the beautiful is temporary and transient, shifting from object to object with ease and rapidity. A *lasting* degree of love or regard is commonly reserved for a more advanced season of life, when the passions, subservient to the maturer dictates of judgment, allow reason and prudence to have a say in matters in which their interference is of the utmost importance. This is a general truth, though my own case in some measure ran counter to it.

I have said that Sunday was a bright day for us all. It was particularly so to me; for besides enjoying the happiness of accompanying my sister to church, I found then and there attractions of a more thrilling kind; and I well remember, in my youthful ardour and enthusiasm, how I used to count the days of the week, and rejoice to think that every succeeding day brought me nearer to *the* day which "comes betwixt the Saturday and Monday." I loved the day for good and grave reasons, but for other ones also, I confess. Immediately opposite to our pew in church sat the family of an eminent merchant, whose riches, in my estimation, consisted not so much in this world's wealth, as in the possession of two beautiful daughters, distinguished, above all the other girls of the place, for elegance of person and beauty of face. Besides these natural advantages, their father's circumstances enabled them to enjoy all the aids of dress and ornament, and they were in all respects the belles of the town.

My sister was acquainted with these young ladies; and it might have been amusing to any one skilled in scrutinising causes and effects, to have watched the blush which always accompanied *my* recognition of the youngest of these provincial beauties, who did not seem altogether unconscious of the emotions she excited in her devoted but humble admirer. My sister tried often to rally me out of my partiality for Cecilia, saying that a boy like me had little to hope from the condescension of the rich merchant's daughter. But when did a *boy* ever *reflect*, while under the influence of a first love? And though girls of seventeen choose to deem young men of eighteen or nineteen mere lads, I was, in reality, older than Cecilia. Besides, I fancied the fair object of my adoration looked encouragingly on her admirer; at all events, I was willing to think so; and looking through the bright medium of Hope, and Love, and Faith (for I had dependance on all the graces), I saw nothing to disturb the happiness of the blissful present, while, for the future, I had no anticipations that partook not of the same bright hue.

At this stage of my affairs, Valentine's Day occurred. This was too favourable an opportunity to let slip, and I set myself down to compose a poetical address to Cecilia. After many efforts, and many a sleepless hour, I at length managed to compose a few verses, expressive of my admiration. My sister, I well remember, sat opposite to me at a small table while I wrote; but although I knew that she guessed the purport of my letter, I did not think fit to show it to her. I dispatched my epistle; and next morning I fancied, in the simplicity of my heart, that every one knew what I had done, and my heart throbbed with an undefinable feeling of alarm when any one addressed me. Oh! the inexpressible anxiety I experienced as to the result of my letter! Would it elicit a reply?—and of what nature would this be? At length, on the following day—an age to me—an answer came; but eager as I had been to possess myself of this important document, I could scarcely summon courage enough to break the seal. I stole away to a place where I hoped I should be unobserved, and, rallying myself on my foolish trepidation, I opened the precious billet. Who can imagine my feelings of disappointment, anguish, and shame, when I read four lines to this effect:—

"He who aspires at writting well
Must learn beforehand how to spell.
Ere you again give rhymes to light,
Go, blundering goose, and learn to write."

This severe reply came on me like a thunderbolt. My misery was fearfully complete. The idea of being told that I *could not spell*, and by Cecilia, was maddening. I could have borne any reproach *but that*. I imagined there was something inexpressibly humiliating in being told, and by *her*, that I could not *spell* the words I had used to express my passion. But it is needless to attempt to describe the overpowering weight of my affliction. I dragged myself home a saddened and broken-spirited creature, with only one idea possessing my mind, namely, an utter abhorrence of all womankind. My despair showed how deeply, boy as I was, I had loved. As I stole to my room, I caught a sight of my sister's face, wearing, as I fancied, an expression of intense roguishness; but as I had some vague notion of every one being aware of the slight I had received, this did not strike me as at all peculiar. I passed a miserable sleepless night, and rose next morning full of strong resolves, which, on the first opportunity, I determined to put in practice. 'Twas in vain I tried to recall every word I had written in my ill-fated valentine, that I might satisfy myself where the error lay which had thus exposed me to the ridicule of Cecilia. I could make nothing of it. I wrote and re-wrote my lines again and again, hoping that my eye would detect the appearance of every distinct word, but it

would not do. The words, *as words*, were perfect; the spelling was faultless; so I had nothing for it but to smother my chagrin in the best way I could.

During the day, I mentioned to my father, as if it had been long occupying my mind, that I thought it would be for my advantage to go to London for a time, in order that my knowledge of business might be extended. This idea did not seem at first to meet with my father's approbation; but he promised to give some consideration to the subject, and that was as much as I had hoped for on a first application.

Next day there were consultations amongst my brothers, and at last my father's consent was obtained. Thus sanctioned, I made all haste to get my arrangements completed for departing from the scene of my disgrace. In a few days I was on my way to London, accompanied by the regrets and affectionate adieus of my relations, and stocked with recommendations from my good father to a house in London with whom he had an extensive connexion.

I need not describe my feelings during my journey; but I remember I detected myself several times wondering why I was not more happy. Silly youth! the plague was in my own heart! But I flattered myself, I recollect, with the idea that my sudden departure would inflict a blow on the vain Cecilia; and, under that impression, I thought I had so far triumphed.

I was received with the most flattering attention by the gentleman to whose notice I had been consigned. He made arrangements without delay to receive me into his warehouse; but, as he was a single man, he apologised for not being able to accommodate me in his own house. I had, therefore, to look about me for a lodging, and, *domestically* speaking, was for the first time thrown upon my own resources. I engaged a lodging at no great distance from my employer's office; and when, on the first evening after my arrival, I found myself sitting in my little humble parlour, and thought of home with all its delightful associations, of its happy inmates, of the cheerful evening *they* would be enjoying, and of Cecilia, I *doubted if my triumph* was as complete as I had allowed myself to imagine. Strange to say, Cecilia was still the leading object of my thoughts. I had truly loved with all the ardour of a boy's first love.

Next day, I was installed in my new office; and the overwhelming extent of the business in which I was soon immersed partly dissipated my own sorrow. It was in the evenings, when, exhausted by the day's exertions, I sat down to recruit in my dark parlour, that I had time to think. Sometimes I accused myself of great folly in casting from me all those minor comforts which are never appreciated until withdrawn, and I longed for the familiar intercourse of my old friends. Acquaintances I might have had by the hundred in London, but there a stranger youth can seldom boast of many disinterested friends. At other times, while musing bitterly on the valentine, I felt a revival of all the feelings which had produced it. About a year after my arrival in London, I learnt, by a letter from my sister, that Cecilia's father had died suddenly of apoplexy; and that, on examination, his affairs were found to be in a state of bankruptcy! It was supposed that there would be nothing left available for his daughters, who were thus brought all at once from a position of affluence to poverty and destitution. Deeply and sincerely did I regret this sudden change of fortune on Cecilia's account; a change the more distressing, as she was ill calculated to bear up against such a calamity. I soon after heard that the two fatherless girls had left the town, and that no one knew whither they had gone. Although my heart had ceased to throb so violently as it once did at the mention of Cecilia's name, I often wished I could discover her retreat, and add to her comforts in some way or other, without allowing her to discover from whom the relief flowed. But my secret inquiries were fruitless in this respect; and all that regarded my once gay and beautiful mistress remained a mystery.

I must now pass over a few years, during which I continued, by steadily persevering in an honourable and upright course of conduct, to gain the esteem and friendship of my employer, who ultimately offered me a partnership in the concern. But I had the wish to return home, that I might give my father's establishment the benefit of the increased knowledge and experience resulting from my residence in London. London had had its usual salutary effect upon me. In the intense struggle in which every one is sure to be involved who there applies himself to business, a vain *self-esteem* cannot exist. The circumstance of being exposed to the rubs of hundreds of young fellows of proved ability, as regarded all that appeared necessary for them to know, had brought me down in my own estimation. I had found my stilts knocked from under me, and had made the desirable discovery, that I formerly knew "nothing." I had applied myself diligently to remedy these defects, devoting my leisure hours to study; and the more information I acquired, I found I had yet the more to learn.

I had been some time at home, when a friend proposed one day that I should accompany him a little way into the country to see a cousin of his, a young lady, who was on a visit to some relations, who were also his near friends. When we arrived at the place, a charming country residence, we were met, in the garden in front of the house, by the young lady alluded to. Her appearance struck me, although my fine susceptibilities had been long gone, never, I thought, to return. She was extremely slender in form, and seemed in delicate health, but there was something peculiarly interesting in her fair and even pale countenance. She appeared a fragile being, formed to cling to man for shelter and support. Her conversation pleased me much, and her mind proved to be of superior order. My friends had for some time pressed me to marry; but, although I should have felt reluctant to own that the influence of a first love still affected me, I had certainly felt very indifferent upon the subject. At the close of the evening party, however, I found myself internally concluding, that if a partner for life was to be taken, the young lady in question would form a pleasing and fitting one. It is unnecessary to dwell on this point. Though far from being an ardent lover, I felt such an attachment spring up in a short time, as led me to offer my hand to my friend's cousin. It was accepted, and we were married.

Several years of calm wedded happiness passed away after this event. My wife brought me several children; but, at last, a change came over the placid course of our existence. By degrees my wife's health gave way. I tried every possible means for restoring her, for she had proved wise, good, and affectionate; but she continued still slowly to decline in strength. It was at this time that I had occasion to visit a manufacturing town at some distance, and, for their amusement, I took my two eldest children with me. Having gone and completed my business, I prepared to return home, and was waiting for my vehicle at the door of the town inn, when a poor-looking woman passed, dressed in a faded cloak, and a miserable-looking silk bonnet. I got a glimpse of the face, and a thought struck me that it was in some way familiar to me. The woman, too, had apparently had some similar idea regarding my features, as she turned to look again, when I was almost paralysed with horror on recognising in the faded dejected being before me the once gay and beautiful Cecilia! Our recognition was simultaneous; and on my uttering her name, a deep blush passed over the sunken features, recalling something of the brilliancy of former days. She held out her hand timidly, as if doubtful whether her advances would be received. I immediately tried to recover myself, lest she should think that my astonishment arose more from her altered appearance than from simple surprise at meeting her; and having asked her to walk into the inn with me, I was soon put in possession of the particulars of her sad history.

Necessity overcame the delicacy which might otherwise have kept her silent on this occasion. Sorrow and want had subdued the once proud girl, and she wept before me. I did not then think of *my triumph*, as I was once ignorant enough to call *my own pride*; this was no time for any feeling but that of sympathy, and this I could fully bestow.

Cecilia told me that, on the death of her father, she and her sister had left the town, in the hope of finding a home with an old aunt; but they soon found that this lady could not provide for them both, as she had just enough to support herself. They therefore determined to do something for themselves. Her sister entered a house of business; but the close confinement to which she was subjected soon undermined her health, and she died. Cecilia obtained a situation as lady's maid in a family of rank, and continued to fill it for a time with comparative comfort. But her health, also, became unsettled. She had, for this cause, to leave in succession several places, until matters grew worse and worse with her. At length she was forced again to think of her old aunt; and when I saw her, she was on her way thither, unwell, and almost penniless. My heart bled to see her sad condition. I prevailed on her to take some little money, and parted with her, resolving to do yet more in behalf of one once so dear.

I had no secrets from my poor suffering wife, and narrated to her all that had occurred, on my return home, telling her of the past as well as the present. She, with her accustomed benevolence, revolved a thousand plans in her mind for assisting "my first love." I even thought that my wife took a strange care in planning out modes of help for Cecilia. I can now divine what were her kind and pure-minded feelings in doing so. About a fortnight afterwards, my wife made me pay a visit to the aunt of Cecilia, who lived at no very distant spot, and to see what could be done in the way of assistance. On being admitted to the poor lodging of the aunt and niece, I found the latter employed in sewing.

In the course of conversation, she said she had been that very morning looking through some old papers which she had preserved; and, rising up as she spoke, she took from a drawer an old worn-looking letter, and coming forward, she said, smilingly, "*This* was amongst them; do you remember it?" I opened the letter, and found it was the *identical valentine* that had at one time cost me so many bitter pangs. I replied, "Yes, I remember it;" and added, in a half jocular manner, "Ah! Cecilia, had it not been for the saucy answer you made to this very epistle, you might now have been very differently placed."

"Answer? What answer? I never replied to this letter," she said.

"Ah! you must not tell me that," said I; "you must have forgotten; you wrote me an answer, and a very severe one it was, too."

"Never!" she exclaimed, with some energy. "I can assure you that I never in my life wrote to you either good or bad, and it pains me to think that you doubt what I now state as being strictly true."

I now explained that my impression had been so strong that the reply to my unlucky valentine came from her, that she must pardon me for having felt disposed to look incredulously upon her first denial; but of course I now must acquit her of any share in the transaction, as her word was sufficient to convince me that I had been in error. I repeated the biting lines about my inability to spell; and I then, with some degree of confusion, looked over my boyish effusion, and discovered that, in spelling the word *heart*, I had left out the letter *e*, making it *hart*.

I then said, "Yet who could know of this *but you*, or some one to whom you had shown it, and who took advantage of the error to quiz me."

"No," she replied; "it was never shown by me to a human being. My own sister did not even know that I had received it."

Then it occurred to me, all at once, that *my sister* might have been the person who sent it, for I recollected that she sat opposite to me at the little table while I wrote, and as my hand was round and large, and as I did not spare the ink, she might have had no difficulty in deciphering every word. Cecilia thought this not improbable; but it was vain to say more about it then. I made some inquiries about her health and her views for her future support, and mentioned my generous wife's ideas on the subject. She heard of this kindness with gratitude and tears, but resolved to take some time to reflect on her proceedings. On my way home, the valentine affair, so unexpectedly started, recurred to my mind, and I could not help musing on the deep influence which the harsh answer had exerted on my career in life. I had been sent from home by it for a long period; it had cost me many bitter days, months, ay, even years; I had lost by it, perhaps, the woman who had gained the ardent love of my youth; and, in short, it had been one of the moving springs of my past course in life. Reflecting on these things with mingled feelings, I reached home, and, to my inexpressible grief, found my dear wife much worse—dying. She was anxiously waiting for me. I went hurriedly to her side. "Dearest Henry," said she, "I have but a short time to speak to you, and I have one important thing to say. I have thought of it long; and circumstances have lately occurred which make me hopeful of seeing my wish in the way to fulfilment ere I die. For our sweet children's sake marry again, and marry one who will be a mother to them. There *is* one who will be so. Pardon me for making secret inquiries about that person; she is gentle and good, and has known misfortune too well not to pity the motherless child. You have ever loved her. Dear Henry, it is Cecilia. Make her your wife. It is the dying request of one whom you have striven to make happy, and who would, if possible, ensure your happiness till our final reunion takes place in another world." Such, in broken language, was the wish uttered by my noble and disinterested wife. She died very soon afterwards.

Years have passed away since that period; and Cecilia sits by my side, the mother of children of her own, yet a mother, also, to those that are motherless. When applied to on the subject, my sister, now a grave matron, confessed that she had been the writer of the severe letter, having noticed my letter to be a valentine, and chanced to catch the misspelt word. Guessing my removal to London to be the result of her act, she had never dared to confess it. It is needless to draw any moral at length from this simple story. The gross impropriety of my sister's conduct is rendered obvious by its consequences. A wise over-ruling power, however, modified all in the end for the happiness of those concerned.

NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

THIRD ARTICLE.—BY A LADY.

RETURN TO THE STATION — DAIRY MANAGEMENT — ANECDOTES OF THE COUNTRY.

DURING my absence at Melbourne, every thing had gone on well at the station; but I soon found that Mary had been managing as she chose too long to like being again under my control. I found her almost totally changed; no one dared to find fault with her; and so far from being of any assistance to me, she became a great torment. The first act of rebellion was her refusal to wash my baby's clothes, on the plea that she was not engaged to do it, so I had to do it myself: the next was, she would not wash any one's clothes unless I cooked for two days. I wondered what her next demand would be; but what could I do?—it would have been very difficult to get another woman-servant. I had so far to humour her, that I cooked one day in the week when she had to wash. She never helped me at all with the children, although, as we had lately got a herd of cattle, I had taken the management of the dairy upon myself—except, of course, milking the cows, which is done by men; but my time was fully employed, and I often envied Mary sitting quietly in her own hut and sewing her own work. I knew well why she behaved in this manner; she wanted me to retain her as a nursery-maid only, and get a man as hut-keeper; but wages were too high for us to do that at this time. We could not get a man under L.40 a-year and his rations besides; and provisions were now exorbitant in price. Flour could not be purchased under L.80 per ton (formerly we got it for L.25), and every other thing was in proportion. This advance of prices pressed very hard upon the settlers, so that we determined to have no unnecessary expense at the station; and I really liked managing the dairy, although it was sometimes too much for me. If my baby would not sleep when I wanted him, I sometimes laid him on the grass and let him roll about while I was in the dairy; and when he tired of that, I put him in a basket and hung him at my side, as I had seen the native women do.

We were now milking twenty cows, and we sent a great deal both of butter and cheese to market; for the butter we got 2s. 2d. per lb., and for cheese 1s. 8d. Our cheese was the best that had gone to market, but there was no great demand for it; but if so, a cheese dairy would pay very well, even at a shilling per pound; and I should suppose, that as the population increases there will be a greater demand. We had a ready sale for butter, and contracted with a person to give him butter all the year at 2s. 2d. per lb. With much persuasion I got my brother to bring home some

pigs; he seemed to have a great dislike to them, but I could not bear to pour out so much skim milk on the ground every day. Our pigs got on well, and fattened on the milk and whey, and made an agreeable change in our diet. In very hot weather I made cheese when I could get rennet, as the milk did not keep well; our dairy was too small, and not cool enough. In thundery weather, I had occasionally to give all to the pigs. I have seen, when a sheep was killed in thundery weather, the whole carcass get quite black in a few hours, and become useless; we found it very difficult to keep meat in any way in summer. We had it killed always after sunset, and then cut up and salted early next morning, and put into a cask underground. I had made a good supply of mutton hams, which were found useful in hot weather; and our dairy was a great comfort and saving to us, as we could use the milk, prepared in many ways, instead of meat. The shepherds were also fond of it. We gave them no butter except on the churning day, on which occasion I sent them some for tea, which was a great treat.

Bad servants were now our chief annoyance; and it seemed of no use being at the expense of bringing good ones from home, for they soon get corrupted; but I must make an exception in favour of Mrs Clerk, the servant of Messrs Donald and Hamilton, who was the best servant I ever saw; she was always neat herself, and kept every thing neat and comfortable about the hut, and never grudged hard work; she was invaluable to her masters. We all went over one day to dine at Messrs Donald and Hamilton's; it was the only visit I ever paid in the bush, although I had many invitations. I of course took the children with me; we enjoyed ourselves very much, and remained all next day. Mrs Clerk joined her persuasions for us to do so, and told us we had not seen half the good things she could make; she spared no pains to make us comfortable, and went through her work both quickly and well, besides nursing my little boy. After this visit, I had many invitations to visit the neighbours round, which I should have liked very well, but I had too much to detain me at home.

At this time we had a very troublesome old shepherd, who was continually letting his sheep go astray. One morning, when my brother was counting them over, ninety-two were missing; the shepherd could give no account of them, but that the day before the flock had divided, but he fancied he had collected them all again. My brother James took a hurried breakfast, and went with two of our men on horseback to endeavour to track them; they returned in the evening without having seen anything of them; but James determined to go off again early next morning, and, if necessary, remain out several days. One of the men returned in two days, and brought us intelligence that they had found the sheep-track beyond Mr Campbell's station, which was fifteen miles distant; the man returned to try and get a fresh horse from some of the neighbours, but we could not get one for two days; he brought home an emu across his horse, which he had run down. He told us that my brother was out with several gentlemen, and they had a native boy with them who was famous for tracking, but who seemed sadly afraid of going among a hostile tribe of natives, and therefore was of little use. Our own man Sandy, whom we had brought from home, was a good tracker, and could see a mark when no one else could; he had tracked the sheep for nearly a mile on his hands and knees, the marks being too faint to be seen when walking or riding. Mr Alexander and Mr Colin Campbell were exceedingly kind in their assistance to my brother, and were out with him for several days. At last, after fourteen days' riding, the sheep were found a hundred and forty miles from our station. My brother and his friends had almost given up thoughts of looking any longer for them; but they rode on about a mile farther, when they saw them in a hollow, surrounded by about a hundred natives; the men had all hid themselves, having seen the party coming, and left the women and children, who ran about chattering and hiding behind the rocks. The party rode down among them, and a singular scene met their view: the ground was strewed with heads of sheep and bits of mutton, and some of the sheep were as well cut up as if done by an English butcher; the skins were pegged out on the ground, and the fat collected in little twine bags, which the women make of the bark of a tree. Fifty live sheep were enclosed within a brush fence (James said it was the best brush fence he had seen in the country), but they were very thin, the natives being too lazy to take them out to feed; they were killing and eating them up as fast as they could. The gentlemen lighted a good fire by which to watch the sheep all night; but they durst not sit within the glare of it, for fear of the natives taking aim at them, as they knew they were among the rocks, and very likely watching them, although they did not show themselves. The party slept little that night; they cooked and ate some of the mutton, and the little native boy they had to track for them, although in great fear of the other natives, devoured nearly a whole leg. They started early next morning, driving the sheep before them, and loaded with spears, tomahawks, waddies, and baskets, which they had taken from the natives. The native boy mounted a horse, saying he would not walk a step; but as he mounted, he slipped off again, and the horse started on; the little fellow caught hold of the tail, and allowed himself to be dragged on till he got a good firm hold, and then sprung on the horse's back. James said he never saw a cleverer piece of agility in a circus. On their way home they killed an emu, but they could not carry it with them, being already well loaded. When James and our shepherd Sandy came near our hut, they fired off their pistols to let us know they had found the sheep; but we did not understand the signal, and I was very much frightened. We at home had been living in great anxiety while my brother was away. I was at the station with only Mary and the children through the day, and our comfort was not much increased at night by knowing that the two old shepherds were at home; we had seen, two days before, seven wild natives run past our hut at a little distance, all naked, which gave us a great fright; I thought Mary was going into a fit. I got my pistol, which I had hanging in my room, loaded; Mary then went for hers, and we walked up and down before the hut for about an hour. My husband was at the settlement during all the anxious time we had had at the station, and he heard nothing of our loss of sheep until his return home.

Besides the occasional frights of this kind from natives, with whom it was no easy matter to be on good terms, we were at times troubled with wild dogs, which proved a very serious annoyance. These animals generally discovered themselves when they came by setting up a most piteous howl, which was the signal for sallying out in pursuit of them; for, if let alone, they would make no small havoc with the live stock. They seldom escaped. One of our sheep dogs had a most inveterate hatred to them, and he always tracked them, and often killed one of them without assistance, although they are very tenacious of life. They are more like a fox than a dog; are of a reddish-brown, and have a very thick bushy tail. When one is killed, the tail is cut off as a trophy, and hung up in the hut; the shepherds generally get five shillings from their master for every wild dog they kill. My husband saw a wild dog which was supposed to be dead; its tail was cut off, and in a few minutes it got up and began to fight again with the dogs, but it was soon overcome.

Australia, as is well known, possesses many beautiful birds, and of these we seldom wanted visiters, particularly parrots and cockatoos; but I never heard any sweet-singing bird, such as the larks and blackbirds of Scotland, and this I thought a great drawback on their elegance of plumage. Some of the birds uttered very strange sounds, as if speaking. I heard one every morning say—"Eight o'clock," and "Get up, get up;" another used to call out—"All fat, all fat;" and another was continually saying—"Potato, potato," which always put us in mind of our loss in having none, nor any other vegetables at all. Parrots are very good eating; many a parrot-pie we had; the white parrots are, I think, the best; next, the white cockatoo.

I now come to the year 1840. Provisions at this time became very high in price. Flour, as I have mentioned, was L.80 a ton, and it was scarcely to be had in a good condition; tea L.16 a chest; sugar 6d. a lb.; meat, butter, and cheese, were, unfortunately for the farmers, the only things which fell in price. We could now get only 1s. 10d. for butter, and 1s. for cheese.

Our station had now a great look of comfort about it. We had plastered the outside of our hut with mud, which made it quite close; we had windows and good doors, and a little flower garden enclosed in front; we had built a good hut for our servants, a new store, a large dairy under ground, a new woolshed, and had two large paddocks for wheat, potatoes, &c., and we had now plenty of vegetables. We had also put up a larger stack-yard, as our cattle were increasing, and a large covered shed for the calves at night; also to milk in. About five miles from the home station, we had formed an out-station for the sheep, which secured to us a large tract of land, as no new settler can come within three miles of a station. Every one thought highly of our station; and we were well off for water, having several large *water holes* (as they are always called here, but at home we should call them lakes or large ponds); and when the rains come on, these ponds are joined together in a river, which comes down very rapidly. We often had a river running past our huts, where a few minutes before I had walked over on dry land. An immense number of ducks and geese came down with the water; I have seen our man Sandy kill seven or eight at a shot just opposite the huts. We had had a good many visits from the natives lately; they were much encouraged at Mr Baillie's station, and we began not to turn them away so quickly as we used to do; but we never allowed them to sleep at the station, except one big boy, "Tom," whom we had determined to keep if he would remain, thinking he might be useful in finding stray cattle or sheep. Tom was very lazy, but he was always obliged to chop wood or do some work, else he got nothing to eat; which we found to be the only way to make the natives active.

In some of the fresh-water ponds there are found immense quantities of mussels, which the native women dive for. We often saw numbers of shells lying in heaps where the blacks had been eating them. They are also fond of a large grub found generally in the cherry and honeysuckle tree; they can tell, by knocking the tree with a stick, if any grubs are in it. When they knock the tree, they put their ear close to listen, and they open it with a tomahawk at the very spot the grubs are to be found. It is a large white grub with a black head. I know a gentleman who was tempted to taste them from seeing the natives enjoy them so much, and he said they were very good, and often ate them again. Manna falls very abundantly from the gum trees at certain seasons of the year; I think it was in March I gathered some. It is very good, and tastes like almond biscuits; it is only to be procured early in the morning, as it disappears soon after sunrise. We sometimes got some skins of the opossum and flying-squirrel, or tuan, from the natives. It was a good excuse for them to come to the station. I paid them with a piece of dress, and they were very fond of getting a red pocket-handkerchief to tie round their necks.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.

When the plan of a universal penny postage was proposed, we hailed it as a great boon to the country, but were very doubtful if it could be carried conveniently into execution. The experience of a year and a half has proved that it is perfectly suitable in every respect, and it may now be said to be irrevocably fixed in the affections of the people. Only on one point has it failed: the increase in the number of letters is not so great as was anticipated, and the revenue has materially suffered. But it may very properly be asked—have the Post-office authorities shown any thing like zeal in adopting those measures which would promote a larger intercourse by letters? We decidedly think not, and the public at large are of the same opinion. It seems to be a principle in Post-office economy to send as few mail bags as possible—once a-day to most places, and twice a-day to places of greater importance, being the ordinary allowance. Now, who could expect a marked increase of epistolary correspondence under such circumstances? The arrangement is quite behind the age. Society in all departments is shooting ahead; while the Post-office is in a complacent dream, as if such things as stage-coaches, steam-boats, and railways, were scarcely in existence. A railway train leaves London for the Liverpool side of the country half a dozen times a-day—how many of these carry mails? Or, take the railway from Glasgow to Edinburgh. A train leaves each end at 5, 6, 7, and 9, in the morning; 11 in the forenoon; 3 and 5 afternoon; and 7 evening. And how often is the mail taken by these eight trains? Once, at 11 forenoon; and to carry out the farce, another mail is dispatched by a coach between 9 and 10 at night. Both these times are virtually no better than one, for they are so widely asunder as nearly to meet: in point of fact, a letter cannot, without great inconvenience, be answered in any case sooner than next day. Is this common sense, or what the country has a right to expect? Is it at all reasonable that a letter should be of more difficult transmission than a human being or a parcel of goods? Yet such is actually the case. You may send a parcel several times a-day to a distant town by means of coaches, steam-boats, or railways, but seldom can you send a letter oftener than once. This is not the place to go into the question of Post-office management; but we may be excused for expressing a belief that the system in the particular referred to is extremely defective, and that until it be effectually remedied, it is needless to expect any decided increase in the quantity of letters carried, or any addition to the revenue of the country.

LOSS OF SHIPS BY BURNING.

The frequent loss of valuable ships at sea by fire originating in the hold, is deeply lamentable on the score of humanity, and an evil of serious importance to general commerce. The latest of these disasters was the total destruction of the fine ship *Georgia*, of Newcastle, an Indiaman, Captain Mitchell, on her passage from England to Calcutta. The unfortunate event took place in the early part of last April, while the vessel was in the Indian Ocean. Early in the morning, the officer of the watch noticed something burning about the ship, and supposed that one of the crew had left his candle burning, and had fallen asleep. The officer went into the forecastle to ascertain if such was the case, but found the interior apparently safe, and the lights all extinguished. On returning to the deck, he observed that the stench increased, which excited his suspicions; and he ultimately aroused the commander, Captain Mitchell, and the rest of the ship's crew, when a strict search was determined upon. On the boats being removed, and the main hatches taken off, the burning was found to proceed from the cargo, when orders were given to remove some portion of it, so as to get at the fire; the crew, however, had not proceeded far before a volume of smoke burst upon them, and shortly afterwards it became so intense, accompanied with excessive heat, that they were forced to

desist, and leave the hold, notwithstanding large quantities of water had been thrown down amongst the cargo. Captain Mitchell then had the hatches replaced, and blocked up every aperture in the ship, including the cabins, in the hope of stifling the fire; but this proved unavailing, for in about two hours the flames broke through the cabin windows, and likewise from the hatchway over the forecastle, to the terror and dismay of all on board. Captain Mitchell, who was a young man, acted with surprising fortitude. Perceiving that the destruction of the vessel was inevitable, he directed the crew to prepare themselves to leave the ship, which they immediately commenced doing, by lowering the boats, two in number, over the vessel's side. It was a most trying moment, for the sea was extremely rough, with a heavy gale of wind, and with the knowledge of their being 800 or 900 miles from land; every soul expected to meet with a watery grave.

About eight o'clock, the chief mate, with nine of the crew, left the burning vessel in the jolly-boat, and they were directly followed by Captain Mitchell and the rest of the ship's company, four in number, in the small boat. In the course of a quarter of an hour afterwards, the work of devastation had reached the masts, and she appeared embodied in one mass of flame, forming a terrible though magnificent appearance. At this critical period a vessel was observed at a distance bearing towards the ill-fated ship, and the chief mate turned round to make known the joyful intelligence to Captain Mitchell and the rest of the crew. He was horror-struck on finding that the boat had foundered, and none of them were to be seen. They rowed about in hopes of picking them up, but unfortunately none of the poor fellows ever rose after. The ship *Thomas Sparks*, which proved to be the vessel they saw bearing down to their assistance, came up alongside soon afterwards, and took the chief officer and the rest of the Georgia's crew on board, and they remained within a short distance of the burning ship until she went down, which event took place at a late hour in the afternoon. According to the newspaper accounts, the survivors were brought safely to England in May.

We have noticed this very melancholy case of conflagration at sea, in order to suggest that men of practical science should, if possible, invent some means of averting such calamities. It is evident, in every case, that the commander possesses no method of knowing the condition of the hold without actual inspection, which is either inconvenient or dangerous. Might a means not be discovered for ascertaining daily the temperature of the hold of the vessel, by lowering a thermometer through a tube at different parts of its area? Were some precaution of this nature adopted, the slightest tendency to overheating and conflagrating would certainly be discovered, and as speedily checked. We throw out this hint, however, for wiser heads than ours, trusting that the subject will meet the attention it deserves.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

Mr Thomas Campbell sometimes relates the following anecdote. He had bought a book from a stall in one of the suburbs of London, and, on mentioning his address, that it might be sent home, the man repeated the name, and then said, "Are you the *great* Mr Campbell?" The poet took a cautious course, and asked, "Whom do you mean by the *great* Mr Campbell?" "Oh, to be sure, the Mr Campbell that travelled in South Africa!" It is a good joke to those who know no Mr Campbell of much notoriety besides the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" but the bookseller was nevertheless not far wrong in the estimate he put upon the South African missionary. Mr John Campbell was a man who never ceased to benefit his fellow-creatures throughout the whole of a long life; he was one of a few who contributed to give a good direction to a considerable portion of the public mind at a very remarkable crisis; and his productions still exert no small beneficial influence in society. What made all this the more remarkable, he possessed no high qualities of intellect, nor external advantages of any kind—he only used uncommonly well the moderate means which he did possess. In his life we have a most encouraging proof of how much good may be done with endowments of an ordinary kind, or little above ordinary, when these are entirely and conscientiously devoted to sound and right objects.

Mr Campbell was the son of a grocer in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1766. His father, who was a native of Killin in Perthshire, died when he was a child, as did his mother soon after. He and two elder brothers were left, with a moderate provision, under the care of a Mr Bower, who was a manufacturer on a small scale, and the husband of his mother's sister. The young men received a classical education at the High School. From his earliest boyhood, John Campbell was fond of travelling. In the memoir of his life by Mr Philip, recently published, we are presented with some curious memoranda of his first rambles a little beyond the suburbs of Edinburgh, and the feelings which now scenes engendered in him—rambles which by and by were prolonged into little tours with his brothers to towns at the distance of forty miles, and to the Highland village which had been his father's birth-place. On Sundays, the family used to attend public worship twice, in a chapel of which Mr Bower, their uncle, was an elder, and to spend the remainder of the day in that strictly pious manner which was customary in former times in Scotland. In due time, our hero was apprenticed to a jeweller. His brothers, several years his seniors, were at that time in business for themselves—the one as a solicitor or writer, the other as an ironmonger. After the death of their uncle, they all continued to live together with Mrs Bower, and they constituted a very happy family. The simple piety of old Scottish life was the presiding spirit of the domestic scene. The two elder brothers died early, and John Campbell succeeded to the business of the ironmonger, which was carried on in a small shop at the east end of the Grassmarket. For some years he pursued this calling with diligence, devoting, however, much of his time to the perusal of pious treatises and to philanthropic objects. His religious sentiments all took the tendency of *practical good*, and therefore he engaged earnestly in the establishment of Sunday evening schools, and the communication, at all convenient opportunities, of religious instruction to those who appeared to require it. Others united in the cause; and about the year 1790, their effervescence originated a system of itinerant preaching, which greatly annoyed the established clergy, and even alarmed politicians for the tranquillity of the public mind. Mr Campbell took a part in the movement, though constitutionally a lover of quiet, and anxious to give his best attention to various religious and benevolent societies which he had originated or supported in Edinburgh. One of these was a Magdalen asylum, of which he was in a great measure the author, and which he caused to be followed up by a similar institution in Glasgow. At the same time, "he was extending his business, and multiplying his correspondence at home and abroad, and originating Sabbath schools, by letters and tracts, all over Scotland. Soldiers and sailors wrote to him for advice; the needy and greedy for money; reclaimed outcasts for prayers and counsel; dark villages for itinerants, and chapel builders for help; besides the hundreds who ordered their Missionary Magazines, books, and Scott's Commentary, and paid their accounts, through him."

"As may be supposed, Mr Campbell could not thus take the lead in new schemes of doing good without incurring censure or suspicion from some quarter. Calumny, however, never dared to breathe upon him. Nothing but his *preaching* to prisoners and the poor gave offence; and that did shock some orderly Presbyterians not a little." He was indefatigable in private efforts for the relief of distress of all kinds. As a visiter of the Destitute Sick Society, he became acquainted with a couple in reduced circumstances, who died nearly about the same time, leaving an orphan boy totally unprovided for. Mr Campbell took home the lad, and kept him for a year, when at length he succeeded in procuring for him admission to the Orphan Hospital. Kenneth Duncan there proved so good a youth, that the governors would have kept him a year longer than the usual time, for the sake of the example he set to his companions. Having served an apprenticeship to a clothier in Edinburgh, he was recommended into a counting-house in London, and there conducted himself so well, that in time he was sent out to take charge of a branch of the business at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr Campbell now lost sight of him; but, many years after, when he himself went to South Africa as a missionary, Mr Kenneth Duncan was the first person that met his eyes in approaching Cape Town, having come out in a boat to meet the vessel, the cargo of which was in reality assigned to his care. He was now an eminent merchant, married to the daughter of the chief magistrate, and living in his house. He was delighted to meet his old benefactor, whom he invited to stay with him during his residence in Cape Town. Mr Campbell did so, and enjoyed very much the effects of the grateful feelings of the poor Edinburgh boy. Many, besides Mr Duncan, had owed their support for a time to Mr Campbell. We are told that when, in 1797, Mr Newton advised him to marry, "he counted *his orphans* upon his fingers, till he proved that his family was large enough already."

When the Missionary Society was formed in London, a similar one arose in Edinburgh, of which Mr Campbell was one of the first directors. He projected, and after many difficulties effected, the bringing of a number of African boys and girls to be educated in England, in order to go back as missionaries to their own country. This led him several times to London, and his biographer gives some interesting anecdotes of the conversations which he held with his fellow-passengers in the mail-coach, with a view to their spiritual improvement—for he was one who never omitted any opportunity of, as he thought, doing good. To support the cause of missions, he originated the "Missionary Magazine" in Edinburgh, and was only prevented from undertaking the editorship by finding a better substitute. It may now be mentioned, that he was one of the first to give an impulse to the present system of addressing books specially to children, and of this class of books he was himself a successful writer. His "Worlds Displayed" is a small tome which has gone through editions numberless, and done a vast amount of good. Many similar books, written with a Franklin-like clearness and simplicity, followed the "Worlds Displayed." Throughout the whole of his life he was a great distributor of little books amongst children. According to his biographer—"The exclamation, 'Now we shall have some more nice little books, for here is Mr Campbell at the door!' is well remembered throughout all the circle of his calls. It was often heard, too, in the streets and lanes around this neighbourhood from the children at play. He was not, however, an indiscriminate or lavish distributor any where, but required some account of the contents as well as the names of what he had last given to his greedy groups, whether within doors or without."

About 1798, Mr Campbell made up his mind to abandon business, and devote himself entirely to the duty of a preacher. He had, before this time, given up a connexion with the established church, which for some years must have been sustained with difficulty. His friend Mr Haldane, who possessed a fortune which he was willing to spend in behalf of religion, had laid the foundation of an independent system, or what at first seemed such; and, for the training of young preachers to work out the scheme, a theological school had been formed at Glasgow under the charge of Mr Greville Ewing. Here Mr Campbell went through a course of study, though, from his previous accomplishments, we should suppose this to have been little necessary. Mr Haldane wished to send him as a missionary to Bengal; but he preferred labouring at home, where he thought the need for his exertions was equally great. He now began a system of itinerating over Scotland, sometimes by himself, and sometimes in company with Mr James Haldane or Mr Aikman. The brethren were looked on with great jealousy by the fixed clergy, as well as by a large portion of the public. It was a time when every novel and exciting thing was deprecated, for fear it should favour the views of anarchists, and not for years were the objects of these simply zealous preachers properly appreciated. Mr Campbell, in some of his excursions, encountered considerable personal risk, as when he crossed Loch-Fine in a disused boat, with a hole in its bottom stuffed with straw, in order to get to Greenock in time to preach there on a Sunday, all the ministers of the town being absent. The little drudging, black-complexioned man, with so much shrewdness in his head and such unction on his tongue, in time became known over the whole of Scotland, not excepting the Orkney Islands. His ready and fertile mind took advantage of every thing. Sailing once in a packet from London to Leith, he "warned the crew against the influence of bad example, by directing their attention to a vessel in the Thames, from which a herd of young bulls were all following the example of one which had leaped overboard, although it seemed drowning." "He did not," says his biographer, "acquire much science whilst a student in Glasgow, but he made a good use of what he got, and was for ever on the outlook for more. Indeed, next to the holy unction which rested upon his spirit, his habit of observing man and nature was the secret of his charm as a preacher. He had always something new to say in his own way, and fresh from the works of God. There was also a witchery in his mode of telling old and familiar things which made them seem new. In fact, he was not comfortable in the pulpit unless something hit his fancy, which he had looked at on all sides with his own eyes, and for himself. Accordingly, his preaching at Kingsland, if it never rose far above its first standard, never sunk below it, long as he was there. It was full of vivacity and originality from first to last. Every sermon might not be interesting as a whole (and none were profound, except in unction and experience), but each had something in it which could hardly be forgotten, and which all admired, and yet no one ever felt that Mr Campbell was trying to be ingenious, or that he had prepared to give effect to certain points. Indeed, no one felt that he was conscious of his finest strokes, except so far as they rebounded upon himself, and made him spring up into the 'third heaven' of devotional feeling. His oldest and constant hearers just thought and spoke of him to the last as they had done at first, and as all the neighbourhood did—that he was an *original* in the pulpit. But this never meant oddity, extravagance, or wit, in the sense of levity or rashness. It was impossible not to smile at times; but it was equally impossible to laugh at all. No one ever repeated, as a joke or a pun, any of Mr Campbell's odd sayings. During fifteen years' residence in this district, I never heard a laugh raised at his expense as a preacher, nor of any one who went to be amused by his sermons. Not one of his strange sayings is proverbial in the neighbourhood—they are either forgotten in, or associated with, the remembrance of his seriousness, spirituality, and prudence."

From January 1804, Mr Campbell was the pastor of a fixed congregation at Kingsland, near London; but, unable to rest satisfied with such duty, he every year made a tour of a few weeks or months in the country, sometimes extending his travels to the very northern extremity of Scotland. We are told that in Caithness, on one occasion, he preached once or twice every day, and three or four times on the Sabbath, his conveyances varying from a family chariot to a Shetland pony, and his residences from a laird's mansion to a hovel "in which there were, in the same apartment, three calves, one sow, some ducks, a hen and chickens, an old woman, and himself." Amongst his home duties was that of teaching a school—which was imposed upon him by necessity, his salary being

small, and all that he had ever realised by trade having been spent in works of religion and charity. In London, he took an active share in the business of the evangelical societies, and in the dissemination of religious knowledge. He started a penny religious monthly magazine for children, entitled the "Teachers' Offering," of which, in a short time, between forty and fifty thousand were sold. "This astonishing circulation the publisher rather boastingly announced on the cover. On reading it," says Mr Campbell, "I went to him, and pointing to the advertisement, said, 'There is a stick you have made to break your own head (for he was proprietor—I was only editor); and notice what I say—before six months elapse there will be six new penny magazines for children.' Exactly that number started before the six months expired. So many competitors coming into the market, of course clipped our wings considerably; but we had a very respectable number of subscribers continued for years."

In 1812, the London Missionary Society found it necessary to send a person of experience and high character to superintend their mission in South Africa, in place of Dr Vanderkemp, recently deceased. The society pitched upon Mr Campbell, who was now arrived at a mature period of life, but still possessed of all his early activity. With the concurrence of his flock, he proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, and entered upon an arduous range of duties, in the course of which he traversed vast and pathless regions, where no European had ever been before; often in danger from wild beasts, savages, and lack of physical necessaries, yet never for a moment losing spirit, or slackening in his efforts to accomplish the ends of his mission. It is impossible to read even an outline of the doings and sufferings of John Campbell in Africa, without feeling, with great force, how wretched is all the greatness achieved in the ordinary ways of the world, compared with that which arises from pure well-doing towards God and man. His exertions to extend the gospel in this region were attended with a success which must be immediately traced to his singular sagacity and energy. After a stay of about eighteen months, he returned home; but in 1818, he was sent a second time to the same country, on which occasion he was also absent about two years. The volumes in which he afterwards detailed his proceedings in Africa made a deep impression on the public mind; and he was ever after, to use a common phrase, a *lion* at all public meetings for religious objects, and wherever he pleased to preach. His biographer mentions, that the African sun had added considerably to the natural darkness of his complexion. In the course of a speech at Liverpool, "he acted as well as told the surprise of the Hottentots when they first saw in him a *white* man! The joke was irresistible. We all laughed outright, and he joined us heartily, turning it off by saying, 'I have long dwelt in tents of Kedar.'"

It was not till this latter part of his life that Mr Campbell thought of taking to himself a wife: it is pleasant to record, that the step added to his happiness. As old age drew on, he itinerated less; but still, wherever he went, he was the delight of all who met him in private, and an unfailing attraction to the multitude.

After a brief period of decline, Mr Campbell died tranquilly on the 4th of April 1840, aged seventy-four, leaving behind him a name as free from reproach, and as deserving of honour, as that of any man, we seriously believe, who lived in his own time.*

CHRISTOPHER SNUB.

[From Douglas Jerrold's "Cakes and Ale."]

Christopher was an unlucky varlet who got into all sorts of mischief, and at length was taken up on a false charge of duck-stealing, the real perpetrator being a companion, who had fled.

"It was particularly fortunate for Christopher that the assizes were near at hand: we say fortunate, for he was spared a dull, heavy season of doubt; and as he was charged with an atrocious offence, with a crime rendered more iniquitous by the late frequency of its commission, Snub was in that post of danger occupied at times by a culprit who is to be manufactured into an example. To steal a certain number of ducks is, it must be allowed, a wrong done to society; but to commit the theft after many other like robberies by other folks, is, it would seem, a still greater wrong: hence, when six pickers and stealers of ducks are merely transported, the seventh robber of the like domestic fowl shall be hanged. If it be asked, wherefore, the philosophy of the law answers—Because the thief came late into the field: had he been only the sixth robber, he had been a transported felon; being the seventh, he must be a throttled example. Now, Christopher Snub was at least the seventh. It was clear that he was born to be hanged—that is, born for an example.

Still, Christopher had a chance of escape. The great point of danger to be considered by himself and friends, was, not the wickedness of the culprit, but the judge who was to try him. If Justice Butter, a short imprisonment and whipping might be the worst; if, on the other hand, Mr Baron Sus-per-coll, then was Christopher Snub no better than an example—that is, a dead thief.

Luckless Christopher! To be sure thou wilt but fulfil thy destiny; thou wert born to be hanged, and thy execution is as good as ordered; for already, hear the trumpets! Hark! how they bray forth the dread approach of Baron Sus-per-coll!

The Baron, unlike many men of worldly fame, deserved his reputation. To hang was with him not so much a duty as a passion. Early in life he had been possessed with the solemn impulse: when at school, all his pocket-money was expended to purchase dogs and cats, to be treated according to his early principles of justice; in familiar phrase, hanged. His tree of social liberty was the tree that grew at Tyburn; the Gordian knot of policy, a nice new hempen halter. The black cap was the cap he would have always worn; he never felt so easy, warm, and truly comfortable, as when it graced his head. He could have gone to bed in it. Strange it was, that the cap, like the hidden spring in some garden statues, no sooner touched the Baron, than it drew water down his cheeks: though seemingly only a piece of stone before, Baron Sus-per-coll played from the bench on the prisoner in the dock a very fountain of sympathy. He never hanged but he cried; and, as he never lost an opportunity of hanging, we may conclude that, like ladies in hysterics, crying did him a world of good. The end of poor Baron Sus-per-coll—for he died (for a judge) at the untimely age of eighty-four, and really in the full possession of all the faculties left him—was hastened by his aqueous feelings. He had passed sentence on a miscreant, a famishing weaver, who had stolen a dish of giblets from a poulterer's, and the Baron had wept exceedingly. Unfortunately, he had come on the circuit with a new servant, and the domestic had failed to dry his lordship's ermine for the next day's business. The robe was, as usual, drenched with tears; it was the winter circuit, and the damp struck to the Baron's chest. It was plain that he was about to depart for a world which he had done all in his judicial power to render populous. Still, he rallied nobly; but happening, in the same circuit, to have a maiden assize, the unexpected blow concluded the work. With a sickly, mortal smile, Baron Sus-per-coll received the white gloves, and immediately took to his bed. For an hour or two before his death, his senses wandered; for he insisted upon having the black cap brought to his bedside, then put it upon his head, sat bolt upright, and commenced, in the most pathetic terms, passing sentence upon himself. He first began by condemning himself as an old and hardened offender; congratulated himself that he had been tried by an inflexible and enlightened jury; congratulated the country that he himself would be hanged, for he was a pest, a blot, an ulcer to society; and then conjured himself to make the most of the time that remained to him, forbidding himself to hope for the least mercy in this world, but to trust only to the mercy of the next. He then, wiping his eyes very often with the sheet, said, that nothing more remained to himself but to pass sentence upon himself; that the sentence was, that he should be taken to whence he came, and hanged by the neck until he was dead. 'And Mr Baron Sus-per-coll,' these were the Baron's last delirious words, 'may the Lord have mercy on your soul!' Saying this, the judge laid himself upon his pillow, and, the black cap still upon his head, died! To our story.

The stolen ducks, or rather the heads of some of them, had been found in the possession of Christopher Snub; the owners of the birds could swear to the property; Baron Sus-per-coll was to try the prisoner; and the prophecy of the good folks of Hempenfield was about to be fulfilled.

The trial of the prisoner approached. Kit was placed at the bar, and, confident of his innocence, looked, in the opinion of his Hempenfield neighbours, a brazen, guilty varlet. He ought to have been bent, weighed down, crushed by a sense of his iniquity, and he stood upright as a wand, and gazed about him very tranquilly. The case was opened, and very early in the trial, Mr Baron Sus-per-coll felt a certain moisture at the eyes, indicative of the coming torrent. The waters were rising—it was clear that Kit Snub was born to be hanged. The owner of the ducks was examined, to quote the report in the county paper, at 'considerable length.' The bodies of the ducks had been consumed; their fragmentary bones were found strewn on the green sward, but two heads were found entire. The witness had not the slightest doubt that such heads were the property of his late ducks; he would no more hesitate at swearing to his ducks than to his children. An outhouse had been forcibly entered, and four of the ducks carried off; the heads produced in court belonged to two of them—one to the drake, *that* he would swear. It was impossible for him to be mistaken; he had reared the ducks from the shell, had fed them every day, and would pick them out from a thousand; witness was fully aware of the solemnity of an oath, and was perfectly ready to swear to *all that*.

Mr Baron Sus-per-coll, among other antipathies, could not endure a pragmatic witness. As the owner of the ducks proceeded in his testimony, the judge felt more than ordinarily annoyed and twitted by the impudent confidence of the vulgar fellow; hence, by a sudden reversion of feeling, the baron's sympathies were quickened for the prisoner at the bar. The witness continued to speak with indecorous glibness, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaiming to himself, and sufficiently loud to be heard all over the court, 'pooh, pooh!' 'pshaw!' 'tut, tut!' 'foolish fellow!' 'how *can* he swear it? One drake's head is like another drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg.'

The counsel for the prosecution had finished the task, when the prisoner's counsel, who sat immediately under the bench, and had heard every syllable uttered by the judge, jumped to his feet with great alacrity. 'Stay, my good man,' said the counsel; 'let me put to you this simple question. Remember, you are upon your oath; and on your oath answer me—If one drake's head isn't like another's drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg?'

The pen fell from the hand of Baron Sus-per-coll; his face assumed the most solemn aspect; and the silent witness, scratching his head the while, the baron slowly rose from his seat, and leaning over his desk, said to the prisoner's counsel, 'Mr Mantrap, I see the finger of heaven in this trial: the question you have so admirably, so pithily put to the witness, was at the very moment passing through my brain.' Still, the witness scratched his head: when the judge, turning from him with something like a contemptuous glance, said to the jury, 'Gentlemen, the prisoner must be discharged: there is no case.' The late prisoner readily taking the judge at his word, was for running out of the dock, when he was solemnly addressed by Mr Baron Sus-per-coll. 'Christopher Snub, you have had a most fortunate escape: whether or not you stole this good man's ducks, is the inscrutable secret of your own breast. However this may be, you owe the deepest debt of obligation to the wisdom, the forethought, the admirable sagacity of your counsel. It might have gone far otherwise with you: and when I consider the frequency of these attacks upon the sanctity of private property—when I feel the imperative call of society for some example, it becomes my painful duty'—and at these words Baron Sus-per-coll, by the mere force of custom, began to weep—'to implore you to make the most of the time allotted to you; to intreat you to lay aside all earthly hope, and to trust only for—eh?—oh! —ha! bless me, I'd forgot!'—and the baron hastily dried his streaming eyes, remembering that Christopher was not to be executed, but discharged. In an instant, all the native terrors of the judge returned, and, in a voice of thunder, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaimed to Snub, 'Fellow, you have had a narrow escape; don't come here again!'"

Christopher, as the writer observes, was dismissed "with the bloom of the county jail on his name;" and, like other unhappy beings in like circumstances, was rendered an outcast of society.

LITERARY FUND DINNER.

This festival, which, according to annual custom, took place on the 11th of May, is described in an interesting manner in the following column from the *Inverness Courier*:—"We had yesterday a great *field day* with nobles and authors, poets and their patrons, and all that numerous class of titled and illustrious personages who court distinction among the admirers of genius. Prince Albert had consented to preside at the annual festival of the Literary Fund Society, and great was the stir in Freemason's Tavern. The attendance was nearly four hundred. The room in which the dinner took place is large and splendid, finely lighted with chandeliers, and on this occasion its galleries were graced with a number of ladies. Before six o'clock, most of the company had taken their seats. Campbell, the poet, and Sergeant Talfourd, were among the first of the stewards that joined the party, and they kept together during the evening. The former, though enjoying general good health, is evidently much touched by time and infirmity: his eye retains traces of that keen sensibility and mental energy characteristic of the poet; but his step and frame speak plainly of the ravages of threescore and four years. Talfourd is an active bustling man. About half-past six, Prince Albert, accompanied by a party of friends, entered the room. The individual next in popularity to the Prince seemed to be Tom Moore; and the moment that his bald and shining head and sparkling features were recognised, the cheers burst forth from all parts of the hall. He is an exceedingly little man, grey haired but fresh-coloured and lively, enjoying, apparently, like Falstaff, a latter spring. He has an appearance of restless and inexhaustible vivacity; and when, in the course of the evening, one of his own beautiful melodies was sung, the following verse was so like the man, and might be applied to him with such felicity and truth, that every person turned towards him with a glow of satisfaction and pleasure:—

> 'Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
> The snow-fall of time may be stealing, what then?
> Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
> We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.'

Hallam, the historian, and Washington Irving, the American writer, were also greeted with a cordial welcome. Both are simple unaffected-looking men, the accomplished American being not unlike a respectable farmer or a plain 'stout gentleman,' in a brown wig, averse to all parade and display. When the great business of dining was over, the prince gave the health of the queen, adding a few words as to the interest her majesty took in the institution. Then followed an appropriate air from the band, after which was the national anthem. The speechifying was on the whole but so-so. Many of the orators were indifferently heard, and when they did reach the ear, their observations were often commonplace, and destitute of all appearance of preparation. The following is a *verbatim* report of the terms in which Prince Albert gave the toast of the evening:—

'The toast I am now to propose is 'prosperity to this institution.' It stands unrivalled in any country, and ought to command our warmest sympathies in providing for the exigencies of those who, feeling only the promptings of genius, and forgetting every other consideration, pursue the grand career of the cultivation of the human mind, and the promotion of the arts and sciences. It is surely proper gratefully to remember the benefits we have derived from the disinterested exertions of these great and good men, and cheerfully to contribute to their want and aid their necessity. I conclude with a warm wish that the object, for the promotion of which we have met, may be answered in the most ample and generous manner. I propose, 'Prosperity to the Literary Fund.' (Cheers.)

This little speech was well delivered: the prince had plucked up courage; his manner seems always calm and subdued, but his voice was now bold and clear, and singularly harmonious. Campbell proposed the health of Henry Hallam and the historians in a *liberal* and manly little speech, in which he said that Hallam stood at the head of English historical literature. In returning thanks, the historian was inaudible to all but about a dozen people around him. Moore was rather better heard: his health was proposed by Lord Mahon in a flowery yet

* In the compilation of the above memoir, we have been chiefly indebted to the Rev. Mr Philip's "Life, Times, and Missionary Enterprises of the Rev. John Campbell" (London: Snow—1841), a book of lively interest, far beyond what would be expected by ordinary readers.

effective address. The poet's reply was short, and as his bark was turned to the great body of the audience, it lost much of its effect. There were traces of his brilliant fancy in the few observations he offered; and the following passage is as completely *Moore-ish* as any of the Irish Melodies:—

'There is one reflection which cannot but arise on such an occasion, and that is, how few have been the instances, in all times and climes, of that *rara avis in terris*, a rich poet. 'Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!' So sung Shenstone, the bard of the Leasowes, who was yet himself more opulent than most of his fellows; who could boast of his 'hills white over with sheep,' and his 'banks all furnished with bees;' while bards in general have quite as little to do with banks of bees as they have, God help them, with any sort of banks whatever. Of course, under the head of 'poets' I rank all great workers in the world of imagination, whether the medium through which their wonders shine upon us be prose or verse; and we have had, in our own time, one illustrious instance, where wealth seemed to spring up under the steps of the enchanter as rapidly as the successive miracles of his own matchless genius. But, alas! not even here has there been exemption from the common lot. The works themselves are for all time; but that structure of wealth which they called up, and which seemed to rise higher and higher at each new spell of the magician, has even already, I fear, vanished; adding one more to the many fulfilments of that beautiful but melancholy presage, that 'Where such fairies once have danced, no grass will ever grow.''

How true, and at the same time touching, is this allusion to the fate of Sir Walter Scott! Moore himself has been all his life a hard-working *litterateur*. Like Dogberry, he has 'had *his losses*' and his full share of the cares of the world; but his happy temperament has enabled him to bear them all with equanimity, and his poetical fancy still flows on in light and sunshine. Sergeant Talfourd spoke at some length on the subject of the drama; but it was so rapidly, and in so high a tone, that few understood what he said, and the reporters, I see, have made no attempt to transfer his 'golden thoughts' to their folio of four pages. The Marquis of Lansdowne was the most rhetorical and distinct of the speakers; and the feeling manner in which he alluded to the distresses of authors and the calamities incident to genius, was loudly applauded. Two of the *queerest* speeches were delivered by Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian ambassador, and Baron Brunow, the Russian ambassador. The sentiments they delivered were just and liberal, but their broken English, their foreign manner and gesticulation, were so different from those around them, that it was scarcely possible not to feel ludicrous associations, or to preserve a becoming gravity. The only other person to whom the anxiety of the meeting was much turned was Washington Irving. So popular are the writings of this gentleman, and so admirably has he drawn the traits of old English character and feelings in his Sketch-book, that he is regarded by most readers with a sort of affectionate attachment, as if he were personally identified with all that is amiable, interesting, and venerable, in our national character and rural tastes. He revived the style of Addison—its higher graces, sportive gaiety, and tenderness; but added a dash of romantic feeling, derived from sympathy with the rude but eloquent tribes of Indians, the huge primeval forests, and wild traditions of his native country. When Mr Irving rose, there was an immense clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. He simply, in a few words, returned thanks. There is little else to record excepting that about eleven hundred pounds were subscribed to the funds of the society, including a donation of a hundred pounds each from Prince Albert and the King of Prussia. The poor decayed authors may now rejoice in the *eclat* which has attended the anniversary of the society, since it will tend to mitigate some of those numerous ills to which they are peculiarly subject from the caprice of the public or the unavoidable reverses of fortune. The various subscriptions were read aloud by the secretary; and there was a titter round the room when he announced that the Archbishop of Dublin had assigned to them a per centage on the profits of his works. As the reverend author's calculations of these anticipated profits might be like Parson Adams's estimate of the value of his sermons (of which he reckoned every parish in England would buy a copy), the bequest was considered a very doubtful one. The archbishop, however, is an able philosophical writer, and his works are of high value. He is a fine jolly-looking churchman, and on this occasion he returned thanks for the Church in a plain and sensible speech. About half-past eleven o'clock Prince Albert took his leave, and immediately the whole party broke up, and a scrambling for hats, great-coats, &c., took place in the ante-room, in the midst of which the bustling anxiety and shrill tone of Mr Moore—half hid among big crowding men, and faithfully attended by his friend, Washington Irving, who had no American scruples as to the 'right of search'—were ludicrously conspicuous. The poet was about the last to quit the place; and then, to use his own words, 'the banquet hall was deserted.' The glittering pageant had melted into thin air, but its effects will be felt not only, as Mr Campbell eloquently remarked, 'as a token of amity between the sceptre and the free press of England,' but in soothing the distresses of those literary veterans who may be struggling with difficulty and distress."

[We observe, from an advertisement, that the committee of the Literary Fund Society has, up till the present time, distributed the sum of L.27,828 in 1985 grants to distressed authors, their widows and orphans.]

THE MANSIONS OF PARIS.

It was common in those times for many of the best and most splendid mansions in Paris to be divided amongst all the classes of society, though the arrangement of the tenants, indeed, was very different from that which existed in the social world. Lowest of all, we are told, except the rats and bottles that occupied the cellars, generally lived the proprietor of the house. He might be some avaricious or some decayed nobleman, whose health, purse, or inclination, rendered him unwilling to climb even a single flight of stairs. Then came the gay, the luxurious, the fashionable, the man of the court and of society, inhabiting the wide and lofty rooms of the first floor. The *entresol* above gave accommodation to the smart young secretary of some public office, some foreign baron, or some of the numerous counts and princes that swarm in Germany and Italian courts. The second floor received the respectable merchant, or banker, who had his offices and business in another part of the city; the widow lady, possessing affluence but not riches; and all that numerous class, by no means the least happy or the least estimable, who are known by the name of very respectable persons. Above that, again, on the third, came the highest grade of men of letters, the academician, the celebrated professor, the philosopher in vogue, the great artist. On the fourth, for there was a fourth, ay, reader, and a fifth and a sixth also—were people still at ease, and possessing all the necessaries of life, but possessing them not only with the slight inconvenience of daily climbing up long flights of stairs, but often with serious anxiety of providing for children for whom fortune had assigned no fund but the labour of a parent. Above these, again, came the poor artist, struggling forward with zeal and industry to make his merit known. The deep-thinking man of science, the result of whose investigations made or saved the fortunes of thousands, without giving him a *sous;* the moralist, the teacher, the man of letters, who disdained to pander to the bad taste of a licentious public, or to employ the arts of the quack to gain fame, or wealth, or honours. Above these, again, was want, misery, and destitution, the never-ceasing toil of all the various artists and artisans, the productions of whose hands ornamented the palace, the church, and the saloon—such men, in short, as our filigree-worker—who were brought too closely in contact with the dwellings of wealth, luxury, and vice, not to feel an additional pang amidst all the miseries of their own station, and to murmur at that social arrangement which allotted to them the whole of the dark side of life, and gave to beings often less worthy all that was bright and sunshiny. The vices of the higher class of the Parisian people, their intemperance, their debauchery, their infidelity, their contemptible frivolity, were all indulged, enacted, and displayed under the very same roofs where dwelt misery, penury, and labour; and yet they wondered that there came a revolution!—*The Ancient Regime, by G. P. R. James.*

FOSSIL PLANTS.

Fossil wood, fossil leaves, fossil bones, and fossil *infusoria*—all these things we have long heard about; but M. Goeppert, who, being a botanist, naturally seeks for flowers, has had the rare good fortune to detect the blossoms of the world before the flood. This is true to the very letter; he has gathered him a bouquet of these more than patriarchal flowers; he has seen their buds, their corollas, their propagation; nay, he has gone near to perceive their perfumes. And much more than all this: M. Goeppert has set himself to detect the mode in which nature has so wrought as to turn these most delicate of all substances into stone; thus perpetuating that which a breath of wind is sufficient to destroy, and moulding into a geological specimen what a finger's touch will fade. So patient, so sagacious is he, that he has caught the secret of this mechanism, and thus enables us to discern the transformation of the temporal to the eternal, and the metamorphosis of what is fragile into what is durable; he has actually made fossil plants! This is the man who might be expected to enter a drawing-room wearing a fossil rose like a badge in his buttonhole; and if ever such an *order of savans* be instituted, M. Goeppert is the person to be made its president. Let us cast a glance on the apartment where our Breslau professor passes many hours in meditation. There are 236 fragments of transition rocks, such as we tread upon in the Ardennes and on the banks of the Meuse; 1548 pieces of coal, similar to what you would burn any day and perceive nothing remarkable in; 35 blocks of variegated freestone, of the same kind as served to build the cathedral of Strasburg, and those churches in Mayence where M. Victor Hugo could see nothing but plaster-of-Paris monuments; 122 specimens of lias from the coasts of Britain, in which English ladies have detected real antediluvian monsters; 242 heaps of green sandstone and of chalk; 742 portions of lignite and of turf; and 259 of those small flat slabs which, on the banks of the Rhine, are employed for the purpose, when put into the hogsheads, of giving fresh spirit to wine which is a century old. Such is M. Goeppert's museum. In the coal of Silesia and of other countries, M. Goeppert has discovered and obtained several plants still flexible, and which admitted of his dissecting their epidermis and organs of evaporation; and he has thus been enabled to ascertain how subterranean combustion has destroyed the tissue in other plants found in the same formation. He detected, in the Keuper formation, the branches of a tree analogous to the birch, on which the flowers and pollen were still perfectly preserved; and some fir-trees presented him with a similar phenomena. It is well known that in the north of Europe there occasionally falls from the skies an enormous quantity of a yellow powder, which was once supposed to be sulphur, but which savans have pronounced to be the pollen of the fir-blossom. Now, in Westerwald, Finland, Bohemia, and even in New York, this floral substance has been discovered in such great quantities deposited between layers of earth, and mingled with fossil infusoria, that M. Goeppert is enabled to pronounce that the antediluvian world must have also possessed its enormous forests of gigantic pines, whose yellow dust could not but obscure in its fall the light of day, since the masses of it are so thick and close pressed as even to raise the soil many feet. We have already said that M. Goeppert makes fossil plants; and to prove how fossilisation has actually taken place, this ingenious man so works with clay, fire, and water, on a given plant (and chiefly with the ferns, those vegetables of which the geological productions of our globe present the most perfect specimens), that he produces in the course of one year, by this moist process, such samples, and so admirably imitated, that even a connoisseur, if not forewarned of the deception, might mistake them for genuine fossils. Antiquaries, we know, will sometimes manufacture fictitious medals; at Baise, the poorest blacksmith sells his yesterday's productions for Roman antiquities; art may imitate art, but imitation must have reached its utmost perfection when it can simulate antediluvian nature. In the cabinets of the curious we often see flies and other insects enclosed in amber. M. Goeppert has examined the amber of various lands, and has detected not only animals, but mosses, fungi, hepaticæ, ferns, flowers, and fruit, imbedded in it; and on these flowers the minutest organ is preserved, as in a mummy balm; nay, he has actually discerned those microscopic hairs which adorn the velvety substance of flowers similar to those of our heartsease.—*French Newspaper.*

CITIZENS ENNOBLED, &C.

The following notice of citizens who have been ennobled will probably be considered interesting at the present moment. John Coventry was an opulent mercer of the city of London, and mayor in 1425. From him is descended the present Earl of Coventry. Sir Stephen Brown, mayor in 1438, and again in 1448, was a grocer, and gave to us another peer, in the person of Sir Anthony Brown, created Viscount Montague by Philip and Mary in 1554. The Legges rose to be Earls of Dartmouth. The gallant sea officer George Legge was the first who was nobilitated, created Earl of Dartmouth in 1682. He was descended from one who was Lord Mayor of London in 1347, and in 1354 having, by his industry as a skinner, attained to great wealth. Sir Geoffrey Bullen, mayor in 1458, was grandfather to Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Bullen, and grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, the highest genealogical honour the city ever possessed. Sir Baptist Hicks was created Viscount Campden; he was a mercer. The Capels, Earls of Essex, are descended from Sir William Capel, draper; he was Lord Mayor in 1503. Edward Osborne, cloth-worker, was Lord Mayor in 1502; he gave origin to the Dukes of Leeds. From Sir William Craven, merchant tailor, Mayor in 1661, sprung the Earl Craven. Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward is descended from William Ward, a wealthy goldsmith of London, and jeweller to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

NOBLE BANKERS.

Apropos of Coutts and the Duchess of St Albans, it should be added, that, a short time ago, two of the richest bankers in London were peeresses; the Duchess, namely, and the Countess of Jersey, who, as the heiress of Josiah, is still the principal partner at Child's. Both ladies were at one time said to be in the habit of paying periodical visits to their respective establishments, and to have been distinguished by the affability and good sense with which they sustained their positions, inspected the books, and entered into general details. But this report was true, and that in part only, of the late Duchess of St Albans. Her grace was certainly fond of showing herself at the bank in the Strand, and peering questions at the partners and clerks, with whom she was no favourite, being, in truth, somewhat of a bore. Lady Jersey, as the representative of Sir Josiah Child's interest, only attends the bank once a-year, when the accounts are balanced and the profits struck. On this occasion the partners dine together at the bank, and the countess, as the principal partner, takes the head of the table.—*Hardcastle's Banks and Bankers.*

LENGTH OF DAYS.

At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest has eighteen and a-half hours, and the shortest five and a-half. At Hamburg, Dantzic, and Stettin, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At St Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Torneo in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a-half, and the shortest two and a half. At Waudorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 23d of July, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen, the longest lasts three months and a half.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

SPIRIT DRINKING.

Notwithstanding the progress of Temperance Societies, spirit drinking is not diminished, but on the increase in England. This painful fact is established by the Parliamentary Paper 238, May 6th, 1842, showing the number of gallons of British and Irish spirits that have paid duty for home consumption, in the years respectively ending October 10, 1840 and 1841. The return is as follows:—

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1840, - -	8,219,637	6,124,909	5,311,634
1841, - -	8,267,891	6,000,562	5,537,264

It appears from this statement, that there is a slight decrease in Scotland, but still leaving at the rate of two gallons a-head for the whole population. We are glad to observe that the decrease is considerable in Ireland. The inference from such a document would be, that Scotland was decidedly the most intemperate of the three kingdoms; however, no just conclusion of this nature could be drawn without taking into account the number of gallons of porter and beer which was drunk in England.

TO THE READERS OF "CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL."

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